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A CANADIAN POET.

BY T. G. MARQUIS, IN 'DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.'

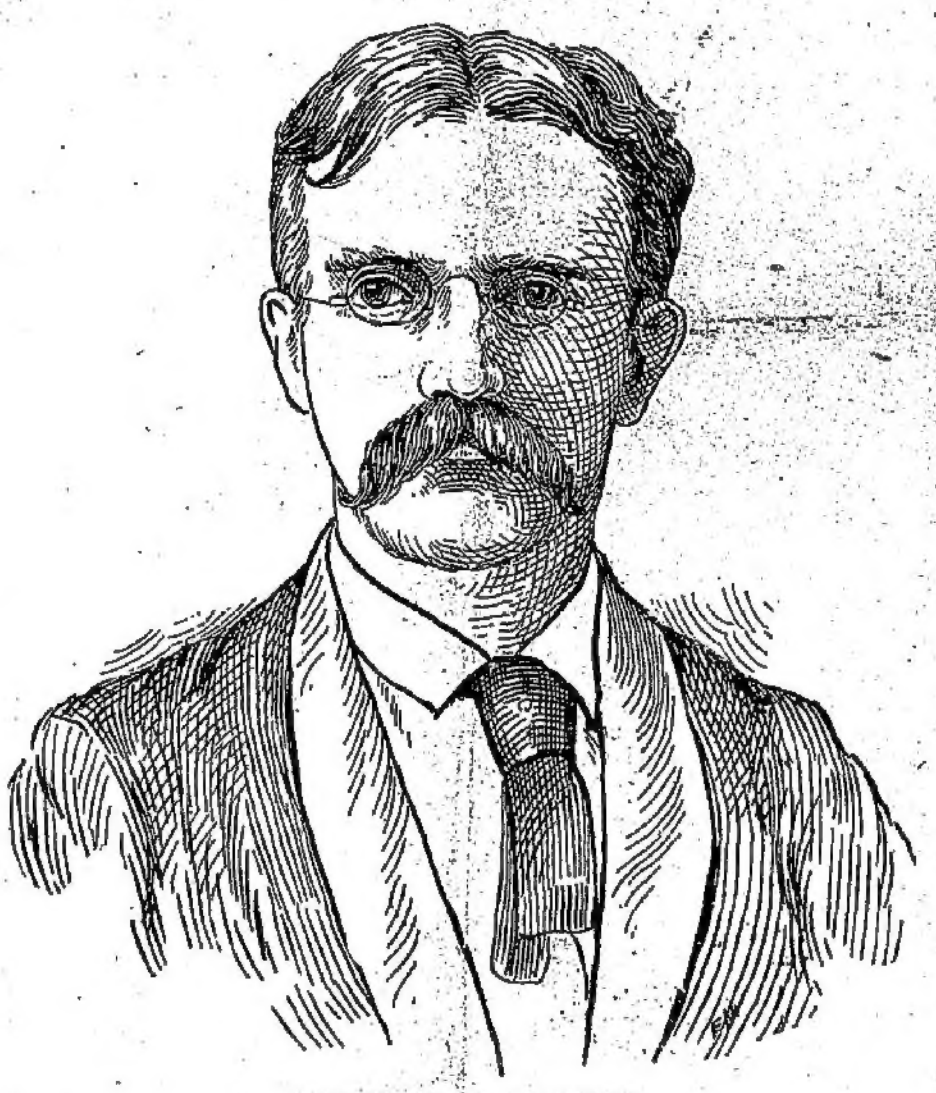
Some fourteen years ago the children of the High School at Chatham, New Brunswick, a saw-dust strewn town on the banks of the Miramichi, had their curiosity intensely aroused by the news that the 'new teacher' was a distinguished poet,—having already won a place in *Scribner's Monthly*, then one of the two leading magazines of this continent. This, to their minds, was equivalent to having a world-wide reputation; and a few of us were ready to worship our poet with as much reverence as we now give to Shakespeare, Milton, or Browning. When the poet arrived we were amazed to find that he was little more than a boy; and had it not been for the venerable aspect given to his countenance by a pair of glasses, I am much afraid we would have doubted the reports, and looked upon him as being like unto ourselves.

His influence soon began to be felt. He was a man who could not fail to reach the young heart, joining in our games with all the vigor of his athletic nature, and giving us personal help in our studies with his keen, young intellect. His influence over the minds of the elder pupils was very great, and the hour of his arrival gave some of us our bent. From that hour we loved literature; to one among us it became a passion that even a residence in flat, unpoetic, grain-growing, cheese-producing Ontario cannot eradicate. Every line from his pen has had the power to call up happy memories of days spent under the graceful birch; of rambles by the Miramichi and near the willow-clad city of Fredericton; of hours with the poets, particularly with Shelley, the one who had more power to touch our hearts than any other singer in our language.

'Ave,' C.G.D. Roberts' latest poem, has been before me for several days, and the metre, the thought, the rich coloring, the exquisite pathos, the fine sympathy, have so taken possession of my heart that I have been impelled to write a word in his praise, and to indicate what I believe to be Roberts' place both as a poet and a patriot.

The poem is one of the happiest, from an artistic point of view, that he has ever written. It is in memory of Shelley, and, while characterizing his work and life with marvellous power and fidelity, it gives his influence on the poet himself in so subtle a manner, that it leaves not the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the work.

Minds unacquainted with Acadian scenery and Roberts' work as a whole, will not, perhaps, at a first reading, or even after many readings, feel the full force and beauty of this poem. What, they will ask, can Tantramar have to do with Shelley? Not much, it is true, but it has a great deal to do with Roberts. Shelley has been to Roberts a grand song impulse, a source of never-dying music; and with Shelley is associated the spot in nature that first lifted his heart above the material aspect of earthly scenery, and made song take possession of his brain. Those vast Westmoreland flats, 'miles and miles, level, and grassy, and dim,' that red sweep of weedy shore, the blue hills, the sea mists, 'the sting of buffeting salt;'—his life is full of them, and they are to his eyes what Shelley is to his mind. Through them he has been taught to look for the beauty, the sublimity, in all nature, just as Shelley has been an inspiration to him in his own lyrical efforts; and the introduction, to anyone acquainted with Roberts' previous work, will be considered not only a fine piece of poetry in itself, but most fitting for this ode. Shelley strikes 'with wondering awe his inward sight,' and these are the very words he uses to describe the influence of the Tantramar Marshes on his being.



PROF. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

This poem gives us Roberts' mature work. Since the publication of 'Orion,' we have had continuous growth, not, perhaps, so marked as we would have desired, but this poem is a distinct advance on anything he has previously done. Nearly all his old mannerisms are effaced, and his good qualities stand out strong and fine, stamping him as an original poet in force and fire. His characterizations are incomparable; 'the speechless ecstasy of growing June' with its 'long blue hours;' the 'glad bobolink, whose lyric throat peals like a tangle of small bells afloat;' the 'gusty flocks of sand-pipers;' the 'orange flood' coming 'roaring in from Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves;'—are all pieces of local coloring given with a realistic force without a rival in American literature.

> His compassionate breast
> Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,
> Was tortured with perpetual unrest;

'his eager brain;' 'the avatar of song, Love, Dream, Desire and Liberty;' 'Thy bright and chainless power;' 'the breathless child of change;' all these and many other such expressions give us a fuller insight into the soul and brain of Shelley than all the volumes that the learned compilers have written in these latter days. One stanza is so perfect in its grasp, and so full in its knowledge of Shelley, that it must be given in its entirety.

> Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven:
> Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud,
> Pregnant with elemental fire, and driven
> Through deeps of quivering light, and darkness loud
> With tempest, yet beneficent as prayer;
> Thyself the wild west wind, relentless strewing
> The withered leaves of custom on the air,
> And through the wreck pursuing
> O'er lovelier Arnos, more imperial Romes,
> Thy radiant visions to their viewless homes.

The poem is a master-piece of diction; every word is chosen with unique power, and yet is free from that obtrusiveness that mars the work of even such a word-master as Tennyson. Once or twice such expressions as 'hubbub' and 'troughs' strike us as uncertain, but when the mind recalls the tide-tortured New Brunswick and Nova Scotian rivers and salt Fundy's storm-tossed waters, they are readily recognized as the most fitting words that could have been used.

But the great beauty of the poem—as the predominant beauty of any such poem must be,—is the perfect wedding of the words and thought to the rich music. There is an undertone of mourning in the opening lines; a sadness seems to creep in from the waste of waters, and the music plays a pipe-like dirge along the reedy shore. Sea-shell echoes, sea-bird cries, plaintive marsh notes, seem to haunt the flowing lines that lead up to the lyric love that mourns the death of our unrivalled Prince of Song. The organ responds to every touch of the player. The lyric note, as is natural, is struck with the greatest frequency, but occasionally the verse assumes an epic grandeur that is Miltonic in its sweep:

> He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes,
> Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and the fall
> Of Ilium, and many alien skies,
> And Circe's Isle; and he whom mortals call
> The Thunderous, who sang the Titan bound
> As thou the Titan victor; the benign
> Spirit of Plato; Job; and Judah's crowned
> Singer, and seer divine;
> Omar; the Tuscan; Milton, vast and strong;
> And Shakespeare, captain of the host of song.

Poets have frequently linked names together in high-sounding lines, but no cluster has, perhaps, a stronger, more original music than this. The breaks and pauses are handled with so much skill, and the whole is so sequacious, that the most unpoetic mind must admire its strength. The stanza beginning:—

> Lamont, Lerici, mourn for the world's loss!

is the essence of plaintive music. It resembles Adonais and several stanzas from 'The Pot of Basil,' but it resembles them only in so far as they are the expression of absolute grief. Shelley and Keats were both lyrical souls, giving unrestrained utterance to their passion, and Roberts' verse has the same spontaneous depth of feeling as their immortal sorrows.

'Ave,' is, I believe, the strongest and most original work of our poet. It is free from the faults of his early classical work, and from the intense realism of his more Canadian poems. He is happy in his theme; and critics will probably place this master-piece alongside of the best work of the kind that has been done in English since Adonais; and this not only on account of its artistic qualities, but for its intensity and depth of thought.

Roberts has now been before the literary world for fifteen years—ever since the publication of Memnon, in 1878—and Canadians, while thinking of him as the Canadian poet, have failed to give the appreciation that his work deserved. It is, perhaps, a mistake to look upon him simply as a Canadian poet. While he is this, his poetry has a universal value; and to speak of a man in that insular way is apt to detract from his influence, even in his own land. He has a gift, rare among men, of being able to take the scenes before his

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eyes, and give them to the world, so that we who cannot see with our own eyes may see through the poet's mind. He is Canadian in so far as he deals with Canadian scenery and Canadian subjects, just as Tennyson is English in his fine local touches; but he appeals to the common heart, in so far as every spot of earth that man can inhabit is of interest to mankind. Hundreds have been drawn to Lincolnshire and the Isle of Wight by Tennyson's vivid pictures, and few, I think, can read 'Tantramar Revisited,' 'Fredericton in May Time,' etc., without a yearning desire to see these places for themselves.

Roberts, like almost every modern, has essayed classical themes, and has had his measure of success. His efforts will stand well with the very best of such men as Gosse. But these show the scholar and the artist rather than the poet. Given a certain amount of Hellenistic culture and the Grecian spirit, and any man with a fine ear might produce exquisite work in that line.

We turn from 'Orion,' from 'Memnon,' 'Ariadne,' 'Actæon,' etc., to 'Tantramar Revisited,' 'Salt,' 'In September,' 'The Potato Harvest,' 'Birch and Paddle,' etc., and in these we see a poetic power not found in the more scholarly work. It is with very much the same feeling that we turn to the 'Angelus,' 'Winnowing the Grain,' 'The Reapers,' after the sensuous delight of paintings on classical themes. Too much could not be said in praise of the poems mentioned. They are absolute transcripts of Nature. To one acquainted with Acadia, with sea-sights, sea-sounds, and sea-odors, they have the power of bringing these things vividly before the mind's eye. Roberts has done more to give the outside world an insight into the scenes of his native land than any historian or essayist could have done. This has been a part of his mission to mankind, and he has done his work well.

Mr. Roberts has had an even more important task than this. He has one of the highest ambitions a man can have—a whole-hearted desire to stir his countrymen up to a sense of the weakness of their present position, and to fill them with a national spirit. Throughout the entire Dominion of Canada there is a subtle influence at work, infusing into the young and active minds a desire for something different from their present system of dependence on the Monarchy of England. Annexation, seemingly the most simple of all changes, has been for years held up by the mercenary and the pessimistic as the only salvation of the Dominion; Imperial Federation, with its enthusiastic apostle, Mr. Parkin—Mr. Roberts' old master, by-the-way—has been vigorously presented to Canadian minds, and has met with but small success.

Prof Roberts might be considered the Coryphæus of the Independence movement in Canada. His 'Collect for Dominion Day,' his 'Canada,' his 'Ode for the Canadian Confederacy,' are all full of the fire that makes a nation; and if the tide of national feeling only rises to the height that the hopeful amongst us anticipate these songs will become deeply graven on the hearts of all patriotic sons of the 'Child of Nations.' If, in his Tantramar poems, he has succeeded in portraying his native land with truthful eye and loving heart, in his patriotic poems he has caught the spirit of liberty and freedom that burned so gloriously in the heart of Shelley; and he has struck a stronger chord of patriotism than any other Canadian. But his power in this direction will not be recognized until others have been filled with something of the same spirit—till the sons of Canada are determined that earth shall know the 'Child of Nations' by her name. And the day is not far distant.

ROSE AND THORN.

Our most golden conditions in this life are set in brazen frames. There is no gathering a rose without a thorn till we come to Immanuel's land. If there were nothing but showers, we should conclude the world would be drowned; if nothing but shine, we should fear the earth would be burned. Our worldly comforts would be a sea to drown us if our crosses were not a plank to save us. By the fairest gales a sinner may sail to destruction, and by the fiercest winds a saint may sail to glory.—*Rev. William Secker.*

PRAY FOR WHOM THOU LOVEST.

"Pray for whom thou lovest; thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray."

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; thou mayst vainly, idly seek
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly there
Ask blessing for the loved one in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine—
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine—
Thou couldst not to thy cherished friends a gift so dear impart,
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship; it shall droop and wane erelong
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure loving throng:
But seek the friend who, when thy prayer for him shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for thee.

And should thy flowery path of life become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time of prayer.

OUR FATHER.

We need to get in at the tenderness and helpfulness which lies in these words, and to rest upon it—our Father. Speak them over to yourself until something of the wonderful truth is felt by us. It means that I am bound to God by the closest and tenderest relationship; that I have a right to his love, and his power, and his blessing, such as nothing else could give me. Oh, the boldness with which we can draw near! Oh, the great things we have the right to ask for! Our Father. It means that all his infinite love and patience and wisdom bend over me to help me. In this relationship lies not only the possibility of holiness—there is infinitely more than that!—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

COMMON PEOPLE.

Some one remarked in the hearing of Abraham Lincoln, when he was President of the United States, that he was quite a common-looking man. 'Friend,' he replied, 'the Lord loves common-looking people best. That is why he has made so many of them.' We read that the 'common people' heard Jesus gladly. He made his teaching so plain and attractive to them that the uneducated masses fully understood, and appreciated it accordingly. Never, however, did the Saviour speak of his brothers and sisters as common people. He knew not only what was in man generally, but what was in each individual. He does not think of men in masses and crowds, but as individuals, each having a precious soul with joys and sorrows all its own, and a most interesting and quite unique life-history. 'What God hath cleansed call not thou common." If there are any 'common people,' it is the thoughtless ones who use this phrase when speaking of others.—*California Advocate.*

A WISE NEBRASKA JURY.

Liquor sellers do not sway the whole world, as a little transaction in Kearney, Nebraska, illustrated the other day when a widow, whose husband had lost his life in an 'accident,' was awarded $4,800 damages said accident having such relation to the liquor seller, through whiskey, as to make him liable. Three time three for the Nebraska jury?

NOT A BEVERAGE.

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that alcohol is not a beverage. The case under consideration came from Hinds County, where all the druggists had been fined $100 each for selling alcohol without a retail liquor license. The Supreme Court quashed the indictments on the ground that alcohol was not a beverage.

CHANGES.

In making changes in the Sabbath-school, do so from a pressing necessity. Mere change is no benefit. Life consists not in constant agitation and unsettlement, but in healthful activity under suitable and healthy conditions. Put more zeal and energy into the methods sanctioned by experience. Yet do not be wedded to old ways. If what is new is really better, adopt it. If the majority are dissatisfied with what has been tried, and it is not what it ought to be, then fall into line and give the new measure a fair and honest trial. Have continually in view the one aim—the good of the school and the glory of Christ.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 22, 1893.

CHRISTIAN LIVING.—Rom. 12:1-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'—Rom. 12:21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom 12:1-15.—Christian Living.
T. Rom. 12:16-21.—Revenge Forbidden.
W. Rom. 13:1-14.—Love the Fulfilling of the Law.
Th. 1 Cor. 12:1-13.—Diversity of Gifts.
F. Matt. 5:38-48.—Love your Enemies.
S. John 14:1-31.—Love and Obedience.
S. John 15:1-19.—Love One Another.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Living Sacrifice. vs. 1-2.
II. A Faithful Service. vs. 3-8.
III. A Loving Fellowship. vs. 9-15.

TIME.—Spring, A.D. 58; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Galilee.

PLACE.—Written from Corinth, at the close of the three months' residence there of Acts 20:3; the wintering of 1 Cor. 16:6.

OPENING WORDS.

The apostle in the preceding part of this epistle treats of the doctrines of Christianity—man's ruined condition by nature, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. He now draws from these doctrines important practical lessons. He first exhorts us, by the mercies of God in our redemption, to devote ourselves to him as a living sacrifice, conformed to his will, and not to the manners of the world. He then goes on to give minute rules of Christian life and duty and practice.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Therefore*—in view of all that has been said in the preceding part of the epistle. *The mercies of God*—bestowed in and through Christ. *Your bodies*—yourselves in the body. *Reasonable service*—a service of the spirit, in contrast with a merely outward and bodily service. 2. *Be not conformed to this world*—in its sinful spirit, maxims, customs and habits. 3. *The grace given unto me*—my apostolic office, for which the grace of God has furnished me. *To every man the measure of faith*—thus fitting him for some services, but not for others. 5. *One body in Christ*—he is the head, and we are the members of his own body. 6. *Prophecy*—inspired teaching. 7. *Ministry*—any kind of service. 8. *With simplicity*—singleness of aim, purity of motive. 10. *In honor preferring one another*—in acts of mutual respect and kindness going before each other, or setting an example one to another. 12. *Instant in prayer*—persevering in the duty. 15. *Rejoice....weep*—show a deep interest, a tender sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A LIVING SACRIFICE. vs. 1, 2.—What does Paul first beseech Christians to do? What is meant by *the mercies of God*? By *present your bodies*? By *living sacrifice*? What duty is next enjoined? In what sense is the word *world* here used? Why is this word used to designate the wicked? Meaning of *conformed*? Of *transformed*? What is the nature of the change here spoken of? What are we here taught about conformity to the world?

II. A FAITHFUL SERVICE. vs. 3-8.—To what duty are we next exhorted? How is each one to think of himself? How does the apostle enforce this duty? What inference does he draw from the fact that Christians are *one body*? What constitutes the body one? What makes Christians one? What duty is enjoined? What is each one to do? What *gifts* are especially mentioned? How are these gifts to be exercised?

III. A LOVING FELLOWSHIP. vs. 9-15.—What are we taught about *love*? Meaning of *without dissimulation*? What are the effects of this love? Meaning of *fervent in spirit*? Of *serving the Lord*? To what duties does verse 13 refer? What is our duty under affliction? What duties are enjoined in verse 13? What is our duty towards those who persecute us? What other exercise of love is enjoined?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has bestowed upon us great mercies in the gift of his Son for our salvation.
2. We should therefore consecrate ourselves, all that we have and are, to his service.
3. Whatever of good there is in us is not of ourselves, but of God.
4. Christians are one body in Christ; they should therefore love one another as brethren in Christ.
5. We should seek the good not of our friends only, but of our enemies also.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first duty enjoined in this lesson?
Ans. Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.
2. What are we taught about the oneness of Christians? Ans. We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.
3. What is therefore our duty? Ans. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.
4. What is our duty to our enemies? Ans. Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.
5. What is the last duty enjoined in this lesson? Ans. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 29, 1893.

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

1 Cor. 8:1-13.

A Temperance Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves.'—Rom. 15:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.—Abstinence for the Sake of Others.
T. 1 Cor. 9:16-27.—To the Weak as Weak.
W. 1 Cor. 10:14-23.—Lawful, but not Expedient.
Th. Rom. 15:1-14.—Christ Pleased not Himself.
F. Gal. 5:16-26.—The Fruit of the Spirit.
S. Gal. 6:1-10.—Bear One Another's Burden.
S. Matt. 18:1-11.—Avoid Offences.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Liberty of the Strong. vs. 1-6.
II. The Conscience of the Weak. vs. 7-8.
III. The Duty of Christian Love. vs. 9-13.

TIME.—Early in A.D. 57; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa king of Chalcis and Trachonitis.

PLACE.—Written from Ephesus, near the close of Paul's residence in that city (1 Cor. 16:8).

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *As touching things offered unto idols*—when a sacrifice was offered to idols, only a part of the animal slain was required for religious rites, and the rest was eaten by the officers or the priests. Sometimes this meat was offered for sale in the public markets. Much of it was used in social feasts to which Christians might be invited. Was it right for them to partake of this food? The apostle answers this question, and gives a rule of great importance for the regulation of our conduct. *Knowledge puffeth up*—makes conceited if without love. *Charity*—love. *Edifieth*—builds up the individual and the church. 4. *Nothing*—the person represented has no real existence. 6. *To us*—Christians. Whatever the heathen think, we know there is but one God. *The Father*—our Father. *One Lord*—the only Mediator between God and man. 7. *There is not in every man*—all are not convinced that the heathen gods have no existence. *With conscience of the idol*—Revised Version, 'being used until now to the idol.' *Is defiled*—burdened with a sense of guilt. 8. This verse is the view of those who favored partaking. The mere act of eating or abstaining cannot make a man better or worse. 9. Paul's reply: Though what you say is true, you are not so to act as to injure your brethren. 12. *Ye sin against Christ*—because they are so closely united to him that to injure them is to injure him. Luke 10:16. 13. *Make my brother to offend*—lead him into sin.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—On what subject did the Corinthians ask Paul's advice? What was customary with regard to the flesh of animals that had been sacrificed to heathen gods? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE LIBERTY OF THE STRONG. vs. 1-6.—What did the Corinthians say about things offered to idols? What was Paul's reply? What is said of the one conceited and self-confident in his knowledge? Why can there be no spiritual knowledge without love to God? How is the one who loves God *known of him*? What has this to do with the question of the Corinthians? What did they know about idols? Of what were they not in danger? What, then, might they do so far as they were concerned?

II. THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WEAK. vs. 7, 8.—How did some eat of things offered? What was the effect? What did the Corinthians reply to this? Meaning of this reply?

III. THE DUTY OF CHRISTIAN LOVE. vs. 9-13.—How did Paul answer their reply? Why should they not use this liberty? What effect might their thus eating have? What was Paul's determination? What should Christian love lead us to do? When should we abstain from what is not in itself wrong? Give examples of this. How does the principle of abstinence for the sake of others apply to the use of intoxicating drinks? What stronger reasons for total abstinence can you give?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All our conduct should be regulated and governed by love.
2. We should so live and act that it will be both safe and right for others to follow our example.
3. We should do nothing, even though right in itself, that may lead others into sin.
4. We should abstain from intoxicating drinks for the sake of others, and also for our own good.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. On what subject did the Corinthians ask Paul's advice? Ans. About eating things offered to idols.
2. What did some of them think about it? Ans. Some thought there was no harm in doing it?
3. What reason did they give for their opinion? Ans. The idol gods had no real existence, and the meat was not hurt by being offered to such dumb idols.
4. What reason for abstinence did Paul give? Ans. Their example might lead others to sin.
5. What was Paul's own determination? Ans. If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TEMPTATIONS OF FARM LIFE.

BY EVA KINNEY GRIFFITH.

There is a wide-spread fallacy among the residents of rural districts that their children are absolutely safe from the temptations of the drinking saloon, and hence, it is not necessary to instruct them thoroughly against the evils of intemperance.

That God's beautiful country is not frequently marred by the foul blot of saloons along its wide, smooth roads and beautiful meadows is a cause for profound thankfulness; nevertheless, farm life has its temptations which cannot be ignored.

In the autumn, when the golden and russet fruit is being garnered into granaries and cellars, when farm neighbors work more or less together, gathering in groups now here and now there, there is always the cider-mill with its deceptive allurements and promises of gain.

The young man of the family is sent to the mill with a load of apples and he meets other young men on the same errand. They stop for a while, perhaps to await an opportunity to unload, perhaps for gossip over the crops and a new horse that one of them has purchased. Cider is all about them in vats, tubs, kegs and barrels in all the different stages of fermentation. How easy to take a drink every now and then as they talk.

Now it happens that cider ferments at a much lower temperature than almost any other sweet liquid. The cider-mill is always a fairly warm place and often the liquid can be seen fermenting in the tub into which the juice pours from the mill. The tiny white bubbles which show that alcohol is forming gather in groups and rows about the sides of the tub and can be seen by any one who pauses to examine. This same sweet cider, still with the little bubbles in it, is brought to the cornfield where the huskers are busy and often put in the cellar to be used at any time during the autumn work.

Although the percentage of alcohol is very small in this new cider, varying greatly according to the manner in which it is made and the length of time it stands, yet there is always a sufficient quantity to create an appetite for itself if it is drunk persistently. As the winter comes on the cider grows harder, that is, more alcohol is formed in it, yet still it is used as a beverage by many families.

The craving for alcoholic stimulants is thus formed unconsciously, while the boy is still on the farm, to be developed later when he comes in contact with stronger drinks or perhaps to be fostered by home-made cider and beer until it has mastered him.

Another dangerous temptation in farm life is the sheep-sheering. It is then that neighbors and friends are gathered together in one place. It is warm weather, the work is arduous, the workers must have something to drink and in too many places beer is furnished by the farmer whose sheep are being sheared. Often young men who have never used this beverage, drink it for the first time at a sheep-shearing.

Threshing days and trips to the market, and the county fair have also their temptations to the farm boy, for whom the 'prince of tempters' has set as sure a watch as for any other class of people. To protect the country home, then, from this enemy requires as persistent vigilance as to protect the city home, and wives, sisters and mothers need to be awake to this fact.

What can you do? Why, watch the enemy's every move and dispute each inch of ground with him. Does he tempt the young with cider? Give them scientific instruction in the schools, where they will be taught the exact composition of cider, what constitutes fermentation and how the alcohol is formed by it. Show them how to prove the existence of alcohol in the cider by actually distilling the alcohol from it. Then teach them how even a small amount of alcohol, when drunk in cider or other liquid, will create an appetite for itself, and you will then have the child fortified against the temptation of cider drinking.

At sheep-shearing time seek to persuade farmers not to provide beer for the men, but instead offer to furnish them with some cool, refreshing, home-made drink that shall take the place of beer. Here is still a field for woman's invention. To make up home drinks, which shall be cool, thirst-quenching and palatable, without being in any way intoxicating.

But sometimes the farm boy wearies of the dull routine and isolation of farm life and comes to the city to seek his fortune. Too often his love of adventure, his desire to see the sights, leads him among evil associates, and ignorant of the power of the insidious enemy he encounters, before he is aware of it he is in the demon's clutches. Mr. Paxton, now deceased, the former active and energetic secretary of the Citizen's League, in his annual reports used to tell us of hundreds and thousands of farm boys, from the contiguous states of Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin, whom he found in the saloons of Chicago, some but just starting on the downward course and others far gone in sin and vice. Many of these were minors and were rescued by Mr. Paxton and returned to their homes, but alas, many others went on to lives of crime.

Anything that can be done to make farm life attractive, anything that can be invented to vary its monotony and make the boys contented to stay on the farm, will help to prevent this deplorable state of affairs. Cannot the Y's do something by forming clubs and Chautauqua circles among the young people, and creating a pleasant comradeship among them? To be loved, to be thought of consequence, is always helpful to young people—it will hold them and keep them together. Many a young man has been saved from entering upon an evil course by being made much of at home.—*Union Signal.*

KEEPING UP WITH THE CHILDREN.

She was a woman of middle age, thin and plain, with no claim to beauty except the eager, dark eyes shining star-like from a wistful, care-lined face. Twenty years ago she had slipped her trustful hand into that of another, and counting the world well lost for the sake of her love and faith, had entered upon a life of such toil, privation, and heroic endurance as only women in frontier settlements, amid primitive conditions, know.

'I have tried my best, she said, simply, 'to keep up with the children. Father and I resolved, when our first boy was a baby, that, stint, and scrape and contrive as we might, we'd educate all that heaven sent us. And we have done what we could. I wasn't willing that my children should get ahead of me; I've tried to study their lessons with them, and to enter into their feelings. I don't want them to outstrip me in the race.'

This mother had been one of those to whom early rising and late retiring had been always essential, in order that the routine of housework should not suffer; that part of the country where she lived, hired help for domestic purposes was almost unheard of; women did their own work, a neighbor's daughter sometimes lending a kind hand in an exigency, and the men of the family doing their share at need. In her determined effort to keep step with her children, in their intellectual development, she had in another direction builded better than she knew; for the children, boys and girls alike, had early been pressed into her service, and had, as she explained, 'taken hold' of whatever was to be done. The boys could make beds and set tables as well as draw water and split wood. The girls were facile housekeepers, with a practical knowledge of cooking and laundry-work—in American society as essential in the outfit for life to the richest as to the poorest. Though the living in the household was plain, it was abundant, and the ideal set before the family was something nobler than a mere strife for wealth. Everything was open and above board. Books were read and prized in common, and so much was going on to interest everybody that there was no temptation to devour poisonous titbits in secret. So it came to pass that the keeping up with the children brought great good in its wake.

At last a day dawned when the mother felt as if the first stone had been set in a wall of separation. Two of her brood had found their wings. A daughter was going to college. A son was entering upon a business career. The little, wistful woman yearned to keep pace with them both, yearned perhaps to ordain the pathway of both, as she always had done. But it was inevitable that there should be some parting of the roads. Brave as she was, she kept down the heartache under her cheery show of courage.

'Have, comfort dear,' said an older friend, who had been through a similar experience. 'The children will never outgrow you; you had a twenty years' start of them. And you have so disciplined your mind, and trained your heart, and elevated your own thoughts above the daily rut, the fret, and the stir, that you dwell in a serene atmosphere, favorable to expansion of every faculty. They may acquire facts, but they will fly like honey-laden bees back to the hive. The mother who has kept pace with her children from babyhood to adolescence will never lose them.'

ECONOMY OF STRENGTH.

Editor of *The Housewife's Club.*—Few women to-day are as strong physically as their grandmothers were, and one reason is that the grandmothers expended all their strength upon their household duties and so transmitted weakness instead of strength as a legacy of their offspring.

This is a subject which every housewife should carefully study, for upon its proper solution depends much of the happiness of her home. A nervous, exhausted wife and mother cannot properly perform the many duties that belong to her province.

First and most important, women must resolve that under no circumstances shall their health be sacrificed either to the demands of society, fashion, church work, reputation as a housekeeper, desire for wealth, or anything else. Each woman knows best the limits of her own strength and must arrange her work accordingly. Some, however, over-estimate their powers of endurance and have to suffer in consequence. It is best, if one's judgment prove faulty, to err on the safe side and to husband one's strenth for an emergency rather than to draw upon it so heavily as to bring on nervous prostration or a severe and protracted illness.

One of the best ways to economize strength is in healthful dressing. The sensible woman will find if she will wear a well-fitting corset waist instead of a corset, and shoulder hose supporters in lieu of the old-time garters, with the clothing made to fit neatly but not tightly, and the weight all suspended from the shoulders, with nothing to restrict the action of the lungs, heart and stomach, or to compress the delicate organs, so often diseased in women, that she can perform her work of whatever nature it may be with less fatigue than when dressed in the old unhealthful way.

Next in importance to healthful dressing come regular habits. Sufficient sleep and plain wholesome food eaten at stated times are conducive of good health. A daily nap of five or ten minutes followed by a sponge bath will be found very refreshing to the weary housekeeper and her afternoon's work will be more easily performed for this half hour rest.

Recreation is another essential element in the economy of strength. If one cannot afford a vacation at the seaside or mountains, something less expensive can be substituted. An afternoon occasionally spent in the woods or by the river or lake, lazily swinging in the hammock while the children fish or gather flowers, followed by the simple lunch and the ride home in the cool of the day will prove a real boon to the tired mother.

Much work may be saved in the cooking if fewer rich dishes are served and the family will not suffer in consequence. Also in both the sewing and ironing, plain clothes will save much time and strength.

Children should early be taught to wait on themselves and others and to assist in light housework. They will thus be taught usefulness, self-reliance and a regard for others; while at the same time the mother's strength will be saved for duties that she alone can perform.

A systematic arrangement of work will greatly assist the housekeeper in saving time and strength. Let each day's work be carefully planned beforehand and a memorandum made of the tasks that must be done, followed by a list of things that one desires to do; then begin with the most important and follow this order all through the day.

Don't let the baby cry while you make pies, or let the serious fault of a child go unreproved while you embroider some useless piece of fancy work. Shun all trivial affairs and devote your best energies to work that will produce the best results.

Keep help if you are able and let some girl who needs the money and a good home do the work she understands as well as you do, while you save your strength to rear your children properly. Have all the labor saving contrivance you can procure, from the linoleum for your kitchen floor to save scrubbing, to the best carpet-sweeper and duster for your parlor. Arrange the house and work with a view to save steps and labor, and the more you study this subject the easier will it be to devise ways and means to economize strength.—*Pauline Palmer, in The Voice.*

SLEEP FOR WOMEN.

The average woman doesn't sleep enough; and that is why she finds herself growing fretful and irritable, a prey to nervous disorders. The increase of these troubles of the nerves is positively alarming; and it is a real trouble, and not an imaginary one, as some persons like to believe. The alleviation is, in many cases, in the sufferer's own hands; and the other women who as yet have not succumbed may prevent the disease by simply taking more sleep. A woman will plead that she hasn't time to lie down for a few minutes in the daytime; and she will infringe upon the hours of the night, which should be given to sound, healthy, needed sleep, in order to finish some piece of work which could as well be completed on the morrow. She will rush and hurry all day long; and then, when the household is hushed in slumber at night, she will sit up to read the daily paper, thinking she will not have to pay for the time she is stealing from the health-giving sleep that comes before midnight.

A physician, who is a specialist in nervous disorders, says that women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. Some women insist that they cannot sleep by daylight; but, if they persist every day in closing the eyes at a regular time, slumber will come, and rest to the nerves will follow.—*Exchange.*

STORAGE.

It appears that experiments in France have shown that fruits and vegetables stored under ordinary conditions, but heavily dusted with lime, will resist decay for a long time. Potatoes layered in lime kept for fourteen months, and were in as good condition as when dug. Beets, onions, apples, grapes and quinces similarly treated kept well for varying periods, but all for several months longer than they would have done ordinarily. The lime keeps away moisture, prevents the fruit from absorbing unpleasant odors, and destroys any microbes that may have found a resting place upon the skin or about the stem. This is a preventive within reach of all, and much cheaper than cold storage.

RECIPES.

BAKED HADDOCK.—Scrape the scales from a three or four pound fish and wipe thoroughly with a cloth wet in cold water. Fill with a stuffing made of a cup of cracker crumbs, a tablespoonful of minced onion, a quarter of a cup of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a salt spoonful each of pepper and thyme, one quarter cup of hot water and the yolks of two eggs. Now truss with the tail in the mouth, lay in a baking pan on thin slices of salt pork and brush all over with melted butter; sprinkle with salt, pepper and cracker crumbs. Bake about one hour basting two or three times. If the fish seems dry while baking, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in half a cup of hot water and baste the fish often. This is a good way to bake any white fish. The recipe comes from the Boston Cooking School.

CHEESE OMELET.—Maria Parlon, in *Good Housekeeping*, says: For three or four people use two ounces of stale bread, free from crust, two ounces of grated or finely broken cheese, one gill of boiling water, one gill of cold milk, one level teaspoonful of salt, a grain of cayenne, one tablespoonful of butter and two eggs. Have the bread, broken into small pieces, and pour the boiling water over it. When soft, add the salt, pepper and milk, and break up fine. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately and stir them into the mixture. Add the cheese. Put the butter into a frying pan and set over a hot fire. When the butter is so hot that it begins to turn brown, pour in the omelet and cook until it begins to get set, drawing the mixture back a little as you would a plain omelet. Now fold it and let it brown slightly. Turn out on a hot dish and serve immediately.

THE WATCHER AT THE GATE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

It was long ago that the children played
In the quiet field where the daisies grow:
They twined the flowers, and the wreaths they made
Were left all night in the summer dew;
'Oh, wait till the gold has died away,
And a star shines over the old oak tree!'
But a soft voice answered—'I must not stay,
For mother will watch at the gate for me.'

The years went by, and I played no more
In the daisied grass when the evening fell;
The heart, so light in the days of yore,
Was burdened by griefs I could not tell;
But hope could quicken the weary feet
That toiled through the twilight across the lea;
'I must hasten home,' (oh, the thought was sweet!)
'For mother will watch at the gate for me.'

And now, when the long day's work is done,
I go my way through the street or mart
In the loneliness that is known to One
Who sees the depths of the mourning heart;
But angels come at the close of day,
And sweet is the message they bear to me;
'Thou art near the end of the thorny way,
And thy mother waits at the gate for thee.'

—*Sunday Magazine.*

SARAL.

BY MRS. JAMES C. PERKINS.

This sweet story was written by Mrs. James C. Perkins, the wife of a missionary in Mandapasalai, South India, and is a touching chapter from her own experience. Fifteen dollars a year is all that is needed to rescue such jewels as these from the dust of heathen degradation and superstition. Shall we withhold this *small amount*?

It was a hot day in Southern India,—hot even on the roads shaded by the wide-spreading banyans, but hotter still on the long stretch of sand that lay between the low line of hills. The only sign of life for miles was a bandy, moving along midway between the hills. Finally it turned off the road, crossed a stream, and entered a grove of cocoanut trees. Straight and tall, they shot up into the air like pillars, their tufted heads so close together the sun could only penetrate in tiny beams. Here the bandy stopped, and a missionary and his wife climbed down.

'Well, the worst part of the journey is over; it has taken us six hours to travel these twelve miles,' said the gentleman.

'Yes,' answered the lady, with a sigh; 'but we must go back over the same road, and I am so lame and tired I feel as if I should never be able to walk again.'

A servant in the meantime had opened a door in the bottom of the bandy, and had taken from it a large willow food box, two folding chairs, a folding table, and a little oil stove. In a very short time the grove was changed into a dining room, and the lunch was ready.

The repast over, the chairs and table were folded up and put back into the bandy, and they continued their journey; this time past villages, whose pointed thatched roofs were seen above the low trees.

A servant had been sent before them to set up the tent, and the missionary and his wife were glad to reach their destination.

'Shall you go out to-night?' asked the wife. The husband was silent a moment. He was very tired after the heat and wearisome jolting of the day, but at last he said, 'I am always afraid to delay, for I may lose an opportunity of reaching some soul who may not come another night.'

'Assiarathan better go and arrange the canvas in a place near the temple, it is getting so late.' Most of the work in India is done at night with a sciopticon. After they had finished dinner they started out past the dusky figures crowding round the door of the tent, and down through the town, the crowd following them increasing at every step. The doors of the houses were filled with beautiful, dark-eyed women, with bright cloths draped gracefully over their shoulders, while ghostly figures completely enveloped in white lay stretched out asleep on the ground.

When the missionary and his wife reached the temple the white canvas was in its place, and near it the baby organ. The lady sat down and began to play and sing one of the native airs. The people drew nearer, when suddenly on the great white sheet appeared two bright figures, representing Jesus at the well and the woman of Samaria. The women now began to approach, and whisper, and point. The missionary then told them the story in a few simple words. The picture suddenly disappeared, and another took its place. The same kind face, with the sick, lame, and blind gathered around him. Again the missionary spoke, and said, 'He loved the people so deeply that he cured their diseases; even lepers were made clean.' At this point a man on the outside of the crowd, with the fatal white spots, drew nearer. 'Where is he now?' he asked, eagerly. The picture of the crucifixion appeared, and the missionary continued, 'His own people hated him, and stoned him, and finally nailed him to a cross; but he rose from the dead, and is now with his Father in heaven, waiting for those who love him and believe in him.' Then he showed them Christ raising Jairus' daughter and told them Jesus loved the little girls as much as he did the boys, and brought this one to life again; and many a mother, whose heart still ached for the little daughter who had been so unwelcome at first and had passed away unnoticed, shed tears.

All this time the lady had been watching a child, with large, earnest eyes, standing near her, listening intently to all that was said, and who had crept nearer and nearer, and at last stood beside the organ. When the gentleman had finished speaking she said to the little girl, 'Would you not like to come to my school?' Saral opened her eyes wide at this. Her idea of school was a noisy place on a porch, where the teacher spent most of his time talking to the passers-by. But what must it be to go to school to this lady with the kind face! Still, Saral was too shy to say anything, so the lady turned to a man who had joined them and said he was her father.

'Will you let your little girl come to my school?' she asked.

'She doesn't need to learn,' he replied. 'Girls do not need reading to make them good wives, and she is married already.'

'But we teach them other things, besides,' said the missionary. 'See this;' and she took from her satchel a butterfly pricked on cardboard, and sewed on with bright colors; 'a little girl no larger than yours made this.'

The man began to look interested. How his neighbors would envy him the possession of a picture like that! Then he said, 'But I have so many children, and no money to send a girl to school.'

'I have some money,' said the lady, eagerly, 'that a band of girls at home sent me to support some one with, and I will pay for your daughter with it.'

'But we do not belong in this town, answered the man, 'and we go back to our little village to-morrow; and how can she get to your school?'

'Some one may be coming that way in January, and they could bring her,' the lady suggested.

The months had passed away, and the lady had almost forgotten her weary journey to the town among the mountains, when one day in January a man, followed by a little girl, came up the veranda, and she remembered at once the large, earnest eyes and the pretty, dark face. 'I was coming this way,' said the man, 'and Saral's father asked me to bring her to the mission school.'

What a new life opened out to the child so used to the wickedness of a heathen village. The prayers in the morning, the hours with her books in the clean, white-washed schoolroom, and the afternoons in the veranda of the cool bungalow, when they sewed together the bright-colored patchwork sent to them by the mission band who were paying for her! Then there was Sunday. Saral had never known a day like Sunday, when all work was put away, and they were dressed in little jackets and clean white clothes and taken to church, where they heard such beautiful stories.

Saral told dreadful lies at first, but after each one the lady took her into her own room and talked to her, and taught her how to pray to her Father in heaven, who would help her overcome her faults; and soon she became one of the most conscientious girls in school. At the end of the term she returned home with a little quilt made of the patchwork she had stitched together, and some pretty pictures sewed on the pricked cards.

When it was time to return to school there was no one to take her, and Saral cried much over it. At last the old grandmother said, 'I will take her.' She had been watching her little granddaughter for days. When Saral took her rice and curry the grandmother saw her bow her head. 'Why do you do so?" she asked. 'I am asking God to bless my food; they do so at our school?' replied Saral. At night Saral was seen on her knees, and again she was asked, 'Why do you do so?' 'I am asking God to take care of me while I sleep,' she said. The old grandmother thought over all these things. She said how Saral helped to clean the brass vessels without grumbling, and how she played with the baby brother when he was cross, and she said to herself, 'That is a good place, that school. I will take her.' So they started off on their long journey, part of the way riding in a cart, and sometimes walking, while they spent the nights in the rest houses along the road. When they reached the mission school the grandmother stayed a few days. She saw the girls at work and heard them sing. Then she went back to her village, and thought over all she had seen. Saral had been at school one year, and it was again vacation. The lady called her to her room and said, 'You must think of this verse when you are away; "I have called thee by thy name." Though there are so many people in your village, still he knows you, and calls you by your own name, just as I call my little girls, and he says, "Thou art mine."' Saral went home.

The vacation was over and the veranda was once more filled with busy little needle women, but Saral had not come. 'She is waiting for some one to bring her,' thought the lady. But not long after this she saw Saral's grandmother walking slowly up the road; she came upon the veranda and threw herself down before the missionary's wife, sobbing bitterly. At last she said, 'Saral is dead; it was the cholera. She was well in the morning, and at night she was dead. She told me to tell you he called her by name, and she had gone to him. And now,' said the old woman, rising, 'I want you to tell me about him—why Saral was *so good* and *patient*, and why she was so glad to go to him.' Deeply affected, they told her.

In a few months the grandmother went home, but she went back a Bible-woman. The year after, the missionary and his wife again travelled over the stretch of heavy sand between the low line of hills to the village where Saral died, and in the midst of all the wickedness and idolatry they found a little band ready to give up their heathen rites and follow Christ. When they returned to their tent at night, the lady said to her husband, 'Do you remember the time you showed the pictures when we first saw Saral?' 'Yes.' 'Do you remember what you said to me when I asked if you were going to hold your meeting just after we arrived?' 'No, I do not.' 'You said you always feared to lose an opportunity, lest you might miss some one you could not reach again. Had we remained at home that evening we would have missed Saral, for she left the town next day with her father, and we would never have seen her, nor her grandmother, and perhaps it would have been years before we could have gotten any hold upon this people.' And the minister answered softly, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall be alike good.'—*Life and Light.*

LISTENING TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Even good and conscientious people are sometimes surprised to find that they have been hearing the scriptures read without really taking in a word. Among children it is perhaps the exception to find attentive listeners to any sort of religious exercises.

The shrewd principal of a large school once inquired at the close of the morning devotional services if any pupil present could tell what chapter had just been read, or anything which it contained. Not one responded, though the most perfect quiet and order had been maintained throughout all the exercises. On the following morning, three or four could remember, having been warned by the experience of the previous day. In the course of a few weeks, the inquiries having been judiciously repeated from time to time, nearly every one of the pupils could tell something of what had been read, and a proper habit was gradually substituted for the irreverent and mentally dangerous one of inattention which had prevailed before.

It will be found a good plan for parents to make a practice of asking their children, after church, something of the Scripture that has been read, the sermon and the hymns which have been sung. A general conversation upon the subject, not critical nor flippant, forms the best occasion for instituting these inquiries, which need not be, indeed would much better not be, direct. It is an unpleasant thought that we ever listen, or that our children can listen, to the sacred words of the Book which we prize most on earth without comprehending their meaning or even remembering what they were. There must be something wrong if this state of things is allowed to continue.

It will be found greatly to stimulate the interest of the whole family in the morning Scripture reading if brief comments and explanations are judiciously made from time to time by the older members of the family. It goes without saying that reading in turn by all is more likely to maintain interest than the reading of the whole lesson by any one, while the time consumed in the two methods will not, if the children have been properly trained, differ materially. Everybody enjoys most those exercises in which he has some part himself, unless he is hopelessly lazy or diffident, or has paid for his entertainment. In any case, care should be taken to see that no member of our own families habitually listens to the reading of anything, especially the Bible, without paying strict attention to it. The habit of mind is, as has been said, an injurious one intellectually, and it involves, besides, the moral obliquity of only half doing a thing, a blemish which must in time, unless counteracted, inevitably affect the whole moral character.—*The Congregationalist.*

FORBEAR.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

—COOPER.

KINDERGARTENS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MINNA V. LEWIS, IN 'CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.'

A movement was begun thirteen years ago in San Francisco which may truly be said to have led by the hand 'the baby figure of the giant mass of things to come.' Such is the estimate to-day put upon the free kindergartens, the *alma mater* of neglected childhood.

While thirteen years may not have

ADOLPH SUTRO.

added greatly to the stature of the young giant, the most casual of observers cannot have failed to realize that, under the new dispensation, their influence has directed no small part of its plus strength, known as hoodlumism, into better channels.

In the conservation of this plus power, the force which, undirected, breaks window-panes, destroys peace and defies all law, is turned to the development of mechanical skill, the practice of right living and doing.

The man from an Eastern manufacturing town who having watched with intelligent interest the work of the children during his visit to one of the kindergartens in San Francisco, saw with a keen business insight the bearing of such an education upon industrial pursuits and the future of the child, was but one of the many thinking men who have recognized the economic bearing of this undertaking. While from the first the relation of kindergarten training to a perceptible adjustment of things to law and order has been acknowledged, beginning with the fruit and vegetable dealers on the Barbary Coast, during the first year of the work there, who brought in a purse of seventy-five dollars to one of the kindergarten teachers as a tribute to the work that taught children not to nip their fruit or smash their windows as they were wont to do, down to the far-sighted, generous-hearted business men of the different commercial organizations who to-day support many of these institutions for the upbuilding of the community.

The disciples of Frederic Froebel, 'the pedagogic apostle of freedom,' are increasing in number every day. It is this plan of educating the whole being, this beginning at the foundation of things, which has come to offer more and more strongly each year since its adoption the most potent means to the solution of some of the gravest social problems. Beginning in Germany, this system has so affected its growth as to make it the intellectual and practical leader of Europe. In Austria, by Imperial edict, it has been made the basis of education; while in France, England and the United States the movement is making rapid progress. In our own country where, more keenly alive to the difficulties that beset us, our need for overcoming them is greatest, this ground plan of improvement has long occupied the best thought of the community.

The first inspiration to the work in San Francisco was given by Professor Felix Adler, President of the Society for Ethical Culture, of New York, who, with quick discernment, saw during his brief visit here in the summer of 1878 a broad field for this peculiar charity.

Imbued with the spirit of his earnestness, a number of prominent citizens, among whom were Mr. Solomon Heydenfeldt, Mr. S. Nickelsburg, Dr. J. Hirschfelder, Mr. S. W. Levy, Mrs. L. Gottig and Miss Emma Marwedel, the first kindergartner on this Coast, gave their aid to the new work, to such good purpose that before Mr. Adler had left the city the Public Kindergarten Society of San Francisco was formed and incorporated, with Judge Heydenfeldt as President, assisted by a number of earnest men and women, nearly all of whom are still in its active service.

The first free kindergarten was started on Silver street in that most dismal part of the city known as 'Tar Flat,' and Miss Kate Smith, now Mrs. Wiggin, installed as teacher, a more enthusiastic, capable beginner of the work than whom could not have been found.

In 1885 this society reincorporated under the name of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society, and moved to quarters even more destitute, but whose darkness they still bravely help to dispel, and now sustain four kindergartens in different parts of the city. Its active members and subscribers are composed of many men and women of wealth and philanthropic spirit. Among them are the names of Mr. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mr. L. Gottig and Mr. Adolph Sutro, who has also the honor of being a generous contributor to each of the other societies.

The Silver Street Kindergarten Society, with as many supporters, has continued the work on Silver street, under the untiring efforts of Mrs. Wiggin, and her sister, Miss Norah Smith. This society now sus-

KATE DOUGLASS WIGGIN.

tains three kindergartens known as the Crocker class, in honor of Mrs. Harriet Crocker-Alexander, its benefactor; the Eaton class, named for Gen. John Eaton, Ex. U. S. Commissioner of education; the Peabody class, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, the first woman to introduce the kindergarten in America, and the Little Housekeeper's class, composed of girls from eight to thirteen years of age, graduates of the younger schools, who are here taught by a series of object lessons to perform household tasks on the well-regulated household plan and after the most simplified methods.

In connection with the other work, a school for the training of kindergarten teachers, opened by Mrs. Wiggin in 1880, is now being carried on by Miss Smith, from which most of the kindergartners on this coast have been graduated. Out of this training school has grown the California Froebel Society, organized for the better diffusion of kindergarten principles and the purpose of inspiring its members to keep pace with the best thought of the time.

It was shortly after the opening of the first free kindergarten on Silver street by the Public Kindergarten Society, that Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper made her first visit there at the suggestion of Professor John Swett, a member of its Board of Trustees and one of the most experienced and successful educators in this country. From that hour her whole heart enlisted in the cause, Mrs. Cooper became the loyal, zealous champion of the work, and with pen and voice and every means she could command laid the foundation of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association.

This Association organized in 1879 by Mrs. Cooper as the specific work of her large Bible class, having caught the enthusiasm of its leader, gave the greatest possible impulse to the work which has each year assumed larger proportions and its progress been attended by increasing zeal.

To-day there are thirty-two free kindergartens, with an enrollment of 2,600 children, in operation under the management of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, with whose thoroughly organized methods the best regulated public school system would almost suffer by comparison. The strict economy in the use of its funds and the efficiency of its methods have recommended the Association far and wide. More than 50,000 of its reports have been scattered broadcast over this country and Europe; and during the past year alone more than 7,000 letters were written by Mrs. Cooper and her daughter in reply to various inquiries concerning this great work and its organization elsewhere.

Over $260,000 have been given to the support of the Association since its organization, including the gifts of Mrs. Leland Stanford and several other large endowments, the careful disbursement of which sum has been the glad labor of Mrs. Cooper, the president, and its faithful officers and board. No salary has ever been paid an officer from the funds donated.

A free training school class, under the instruction of Miss Anna Stovall, one of the most accomplished of teachers, has recently been established in connection with this vast work, in which some thirty-five earnest young women are being trained in the kindergarten principles and methods. It is the aim of the Association to make this training class a model in every respect. No pains, no time, no money will be spared to perfect it, nor can its purpose be too highly commended.

The gifts for the maintenance of this splendid system are mostly from noble women, and the workers noble women who have here found their most worthy mission, —one that lies just as surely before them, before every body of earnest women, to be done for the common welfare of humanity as does the part of each individual woman in the smaller family of the home; and just so soon as she has entered it will this larger maternity bring her proportionate joy.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, with the generosity of a warm heart, kindled toward all childhood in memory of her son, Leland Stanford, Junior, has given lavishly of her wealth to the cause. In the magnanimity of Senator and Mrs. Stanford this thought of the new education for the

MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

masses has stood side by side with their plans for facilitating the means to higher education in the Far West. Coeval with the Leland Stanford Junior University have grown the Leland Stanford Junior Free Kindergartens, seven in number and permanently endowed by a fund of $100,000, fulfilling in its broadest sense a plan for the ideal university that shall embrace the whole science of human life.

Of the results of so great a movement, the evidence of moral uplift in the localities where the kindergartens are planted, and the perceptible growth and unfolding of the powers and graces of body, soul and spirit of the children under its benign influence, too much cannot be said. Manifold as are the evidences of its power for good, no statement can be cited that would more forcibly illustrate the fact than that of Mrs. Cooper, who, after careful investigation of the matter, affirms that she has found but one child out of the more than nine thousand that have been brought up in the kindergartens of the Golden Gate Association who has ever been arrested for offence against the law, and this after continued watchfulness of the police records and frequent inspection of the lists of inmates of the various houses of correction, and in face of the fact that these nine thousand children have all come from the localities that make the criminal elements.

Crime cannot be hindered by punishment, and it has taken long enough years for the conviction to take hold of us; but the long and almost indefatigable attempts at reforming have served us one purpose if not the one we set out to gain. It is the oft-repeated story over again. What Froebel taught the few, experience has taught the many. The cry for a new order of things, the conviction that formative influences only will avail, the desire to begin further back, are based upon the study of failure. Careful investigations of our vast system of prisons, reformatories and work-houses and study into the causes of crime and poverty has revealed the want more plainly every year. It has been estimated that in the United States alone seven-tenths of the convicted criminals have never learned a trade or followed any industrial pursuit. Careful tabulation of the semi-criminals, loafers and occasional laborers in any of our large cities would present the same startling figures proportionately, as such an investigation exposed in the east end of London when, alive to the need of alleviating its darkness, the plan for supplying its want embodied in that splendid institution, the People's Palace, was carried out. Such a plan is needed in every large city, but supplementary to the training begun in the kindergartens. The underlying principle is the same in both, that the true problem of living is solved only when the right direction shall have been given and followed out in recreation as in work.

When the man or the woman has found for twenty, thirty or forty years his or her joy in sensationalism and excitement or worse, when the same years have been spent in vagrancy or violation of the law, the time for the direction of his or her powers has practically gone by. They must be taken at a more pliable age. Juvenal said: 'The man's character is made at seven. What he is then he will always be;' while Aristotle urged that the very playthings of the child should have a bearing upon the life and work of the coming man.

Take the child at the earliest possible age and place it in the kindergarten, away from the vicious tendencies that surround it, and you have begun just as near the beginning as it is possible to do. It was not born right, it is true, but you are making the prenatal history of the generations to come.

If we mould the character and direct the tendencies of the child in its tender years, the man and the woman will then be better ready for the real games and occupations of life. Give them early the knowledge they must have to live, teach them duties and we will have given them truly the rights they blindly clamor for now.

IT IS STATED that Persia is the only country in the world where the telegraph is practically unknown.

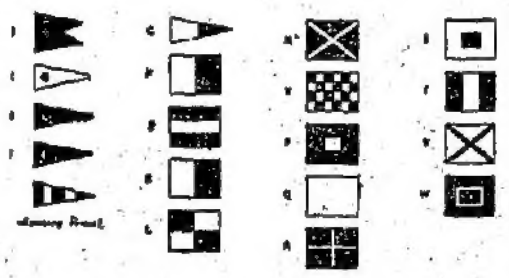
MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

SIGNALLING AT SEA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Years ago when two ships sighted one another at sea they would run close enough to permit of conversation between the officers. In these days of hurry and record-breaking, ships do not stop to 'speak' one another; they exchange signals, and in a few minutes are far apart. Thousands of persons who have crossed the ocean have never seen signalling at sea, and many who have seen it did not know what was going on. Very few except mariners and yachtsmen, know what sea signals look like. The fact is, however, that the ordinary means of communication are by flags. These are made and used according to what is called the International Code of signals. It was adopted in 1857, and was then called the Commercial Code. It is now in use by the leading maritime powers of the world, and ships whose officers and crews would not understand each other's language can communicate by it. There are eighteen of these flags, and each one represents a letter. Four of them are pennants (triangular flags), one is a burgee (a swallow-tailed flag), and the others are square. There is also an answering pennant used to signify that the signals are understood.

The various flags are as follows: B, a red burgee; C, a white pennant bearing a red ball; D, a blue pennant bearing a white ball; F, a red pennant with a white ball; G, a pennant half yellow and half blue; H, a square flag half red and half white; J, a square flag having upper and lower stripes of blue and a middle one of white; K, square flag half yellow, half blue: L, a square flag divided into four squares, two yellow and two blue; M, a blue flag bearing a white cross; N, a blue and white



checker-board flag; P, a blue flag with a white square in the centre; Q, solid yellow; R, red with a yellow cross; S, white with a blue square in the centre; T, red, white, and blue perpendicular stripes; V, white, with a red cross; W, blue border enclosing a white square with a red square in its centre; answering pennant, red and white perpendicular stripes.

The letters represented by these flags are employed in a cipher to convey messages which are printed in the signal-book.

For instance, D S K means, 'Do you come from any port putting you in quarantine?' The signals are read from the top downward, and may consist of one, two, three, or four flags. The different combinations are classified as followed: Single-flag signals are the code pennant, the white pennant (C) meaning 'Yes,' and the blue pennant (D) meaning 'No.' Two-flag signals are of three kinds. Those with the burgee (B) uppermost are attention or demand signals; with a pennant uppermost, compass signals; with a square flag uppermost, urgent, danger, or distress signals. Three-flag signals are called 'general,' and include all ordinary topics, such as passengers, navigation, buoys, time, weather, latitude, etc. Four-flag signals are of four kinds. Those with the burgee uppermost are geographical; those with the pennant C, D, or F up are called spelling and vocabulary signals, and their meaning must be sought for under an alphabetical arrangement in the signal-book; those with the blue and yellow pennant G up are names of men-of-war; and those with a square flag at the top are names of merchant vessels and yachts. The number of combinations that can be made out of these eighteen flags is 78,642, so that almost every conceivable subject can be covered. Now let me give you some examples of the various combinations as classified:

Two-flag signal with burgee up—attention or demand: B D—'What ship is that?'

Two-flag, pennant up—compass signal: G T—'North by west.'

Two flag, square flag up—urgent, danger, or distress: N M—'I am on fire.' P C—'Want assistance; mutiny.' (N C is the general signal of distress and need of help.)

Three-flag—general: P Q H—'Tell my owner ship answers remarkably well.' G L C—'What was the last latitude you obtained?'

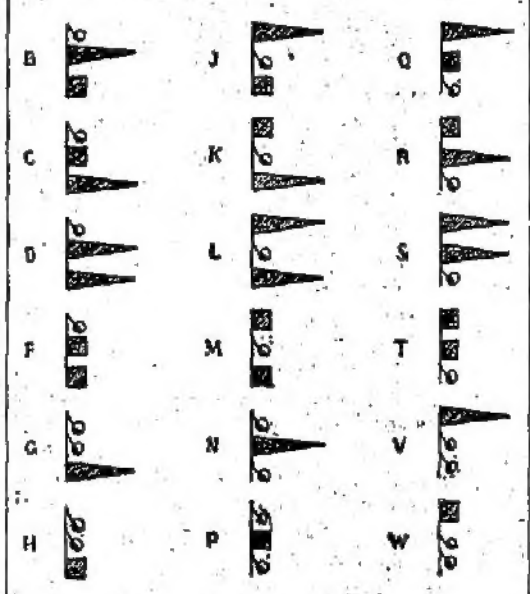
Four-flag, burgee up—geographical: B N C W—'Moreton Bay.'

Four-flag, pennant G up—names of men-of-war; G T V R—'H. M. S. 'Sultan.'

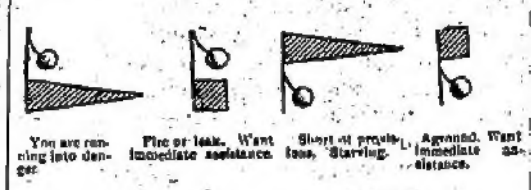
Four-flag, square flag up—names of merchant vessels and yachts; H M J Q—'Schooner-yacht 'Dauntless.' K C M N M Steam-yacht 'Electra.'

Four-flag, pennant C, D, or F up—spelling and vocabulary: D N R K—'What is the premium of insurance?'

In case the weather is hazy or the ships are so far apart that colors cannot be distinguished, the distance code is used. These signals are made with balls (or anything that looks like a ball at a distance), square flags, and pennants. As the shape is what signifies, the flags may be of any color. The letters of this code are the same as those of the flag code—B, C, D, F, G, H, J, K, L, M, N, P, Q, R, S, T, V, W—but they are represented differently. Here they are:

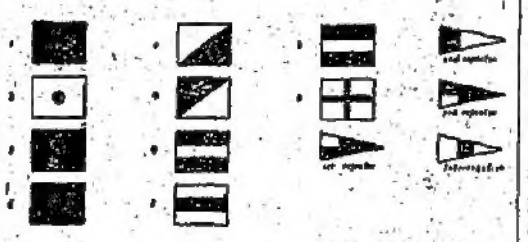


The reader will notice that every one of these letters contains at least one ball, so that the moment a ship hoists one of them the officers of another ship will see that she is using the distance code. The letter G of this code however, means, 'Cannot distinguish your flags: come nearer or make distance signals.' In addition to the above letter combinations the distance code contains the following four special signals:


You are running into danger.
Fire or leak. Want immediate assistance.
Short of provisions. Starving.
Aground. Want immediate assistance.

The signal-book contains the explanation of all the possible signals, and in its second part has the vocabulary and index by which the person making signals is guided. In other words, when you wish to receive a message, you use Part I.; to send a message, Part II. Those of the readers of this article who live near any port of entry will often see the four-flag signals with the square flag up, for vessels entering port usually fly them in order that they may be reported by telegraph. The two and three flag signals are seen only at sea. Passengers on ocean steamers sometimes see them, but of course without the signal-book cannot read them. They might, however, if they wished, know whether a distress signal had been shown. When the steamer 'Umbria' was disabled at sea last winter, and the 'Gallia' of the same line steamed away after exchanging signals with her, there was great indignation among the 'Umbria's' passengers. For weeks after they reached port they were engaged in discussing the case and in writing letters to the papers; but there was no evidence that a single passenger aboard either ship knew whether the 'Umbria' had asked assistance or not, for not one had noticed how many signal flags she hoisted. If any one could have said positively that she showed a two-flag signal with a square flag uppermost, the question would have been settled. Of course the officers of both vessels kept their counsel.

There is another set of signal flags of which something may as well be said, for in these days of public interest in the navy anything that pertains to war-vessels is worth describing. The set of flags to which I refer is the series used for naval fleet signals. They are wholly different from the international code, and instead of respresenting letters they stand for numbers. Here they are:



The numeral 1 is represented by solid red; 2, by yellow with a black ball in the centre; 3, by solid blue; 4, by a red and blue flag divided diagonally, the red uppermost; 5, white and red; 6, blue and white; 7, two red stripes and one white; 8, two white stripes and one red; 9, two blue stripes and one white; 0, a white flag with a blue cross. In case it is necessary to repeat a number, as in hoisting 141, one of the repeaters is used. They are distinguished by the color of the pointed part—first repeater, red; second, white; third, blue. The answering pennant is like that of the international code, and there is an interrogation pennant consisting of two white stripes with a blue one between them. The navy fleet signal-book contains the key to each hoist. Many thousands of combinations, of course, may be made, but it is always easy to read the flags. The reader will note that the system of coloring is an aid to the memory. The series—red, white, and blue—constantly recurs. Strictly speaking, No. 2 should be a plain white flag, but such a flag will not show at a distance, and so yellow is used with a black ball to accentuate it. But the leading color always gives the number. Thus the first three flags are (supposedly) solid red, white, and blue. The next three are divided diagonally, and the upper color decides the number thus: 4, red; 5, white; 6, blue. Then come three striped flags, and the prevailing color again tells the tale, thus: 7, red; 8, white; 9, blue. The hoists are read from the top down. Here are some examples from the special code used by the naval reserve in the Columbian naval parade in New York Harbor:

29—Squadron right turn.
12—Wings right and left front into line.
21—Gun salute.
23—Cease firing.

The States had a fleet of 16 vessels in addition to the flag-vessel, and the commander gave seventy-eight fleet signals in the course of the day. Every one was properly understood and obeyed. In the navy the evolutions of a fleet or squadron are always directed by this code, and so also the movements of a fleet of small boats are guided by signals of this kind from the ship. The method is simple. The signals are hoisted on the flag-ship. As soon as they are understood the other ships hoist the answering pennant. After that the hauling down of the signal on the flag-ship is the order of execution.

JOE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Joe Thomas lived on a farm in the country, and although many boys would have thought themselves fortunate in having such a home, he was about as discontented a fellow as could be found.

Some of the city boys who had visited him during the summer vacation, told him that he was "green," that he would be foolish to remain on a farm all his life, and that if he had any spirit about him he would go to the city, where he would have an opportunity of seeing life as it should be seen.

Joe's father wanted him to remain at home, learn to be a farmer, and settle down on the homestead as he himself had done. But Joe would not heed the advice. He was thoroughly discontented as many another country boy has been, and his one purpose in life was to get into some city where he could wipe out the stain of "greenness," which he fancied every one could see.

He finally succeeded in doing as he wanted to; a friend of his father procured for him a situation in a store where he could earn a trifle more than sufficient to pay his board, and he left the broad acres whereon he had toiled with a heavy heart because of his longing to get to the city, without a single regret at parting from the dear ones at home. The farmhouse nestling among the trees at the foot of the hill, looked dingy and shabby as he drove away from it to "see life as it should be seen," and in the ripening grain and fruit he saw nothing but reminders of ignoble toil.

He found a boarding place, where the small, stuffy room, which was quite as good as any his fellow clerks had, offered a poor contrast to his cozy little chamber at home, fragrant with lavender-scented linen, and as tidy as the apartment in the city was disorderly.

Instead of looking out over the fields of waving grain, tasseled corn or nodding buckwheat to the lofty hills beyond, when he was in his room he could see only a brick wall hardly fifty feet away. Instead of the fragrance of the flowers he had the odor of garbage from the unswept streets and instead of being lulled to sleep by the chirping of the crickets and the plaintive cries of the katydids, he was kept awake by the rattling of carts and the rumble of the street cars. At the table, the difference between the food prepared by the servants in the boarding-house and that cooked by his mother, was so disappointing that it seemed to him he could never enjoy a meal again until he could get one at home.

Joe had been told that a boy on a farm is obliged to work harder than one in a store in the city. He could see little or no difference, save that in the former case he labored in the open air, where everything was bright and healthful around, while in the city he was shut out from the sunlight, and deprived of the health-giving breezes laden with the perfume of fruits and flowers. At night, instead of joining with the boys from the neighboring farms in husking or paring bees, candy pulls, coasting or skating, he was forced to remain in his cheerless room, or walk about the streets, where the bustling crowds, intent only on business or their own pleasure, caused him to feel even more lonely than when he was entirely alone.

After he had "seen life" according to the ideas of his city friends, he wrote to his father, and the following is an extract from his letter: "I am coming home to work on the farm. I did think that such labor was degrading; but I find that it is quite as honorable, and certainly more manly, than doing a woman's work behind the counter. You need never fear that I shall ever again want to exchange the independent farm life for that of the city, and I am sure that to be called green will trouble me no more. It is better, I think, to be of those who produce something in this world than of those who depend upon the productions of others, and I now think that there can be no more manly calling than that of a farmer."

Joe went home, and he was in so doing, as wise as you will be, boys, if you remain on the farm, where you have the proud consciousness that you are doing far more good in the world than if you were "seeing life" in the city. What would become of the people of this world if all the farmers should suddenly conclude that tilling the ground was not a sufficiently noble calling?—*Christian at Work.*

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

All children are familiar with the lines of "Mary had a little lamb," but very few know the author. The original verses were written by John Roulstone, of Boston, son of Colonel Roulstone, proprietor of a popular riding school sixty years ago. Mary the owner of the lamb, is now Mrs. Tyler, of Somerville, Mass.

NOT WAIT?

Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait,
A father, and not wait! He waited long
For us, and yet perchance He thinks not long,
And will not count the time. There are no dates
In His fine leisure.
—JEAN INGELOW.

THE CAPTAIN TEACHING JOBY TO READ.

HOW JOBY PAID HIS FARE.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

The sun had set, but the lower edges of the wild, stormy-looking clouds massed in the west were still aglow with vivid, crimson fire. In the east the gray gloom of the coming night was mounting up the sky, and here and there a pale star already glimmered in the dusk. A brisk wind, or, what sailors call 'half a gale,' was blowing, and the waters of the English Channel were breaking in short, angry waves, of a deep green in the hollows, and snowy white where their crests curled and spouted in hissing foam. Far off to the southward a dim, bluish line, which only the experienced eye of a seaman could have recognized as land, marked the coast of France, while in the opposite quarter the chalky headlands of England gleamed faintly in the fading twilight.

The stout ship 'Falcon,' leaning gallantly to the wind, was making her way down the Channel, bound for America. The sails had been reefed, the cables coiled, and everything made snug for the night. Captain Essex, pleased, as an old sailor always is when his vessel is well away from the dangers of the land, and making good progress under a steady wind, paced to and fro on his quarter-deck, gruffly humming a little song, the greater part of which was lost in his thick, bushy beard, though now and then you might have caught some words, as 'The sea is the place for me, my lads,' or 'A lively ship and a willing crew.'

Captain Essex's little song was interrupted by a sudden commotion in the forward part of the vessel. There was a sound of loud, angry talking, a hasty scuffling of feet, followed by the frightened sobbing of a child.

'Hallo!' exclaimed Captain Essex, 'What is the meaning of that row?'

'A stowaway, sir,' answered one of the men from below.

'A stowaway on my ship!' growled the captain. 'Bring the rascal here! We'll give him a taste of the rope's end first, and then—but what is that?'

'The stowaway, sir,' was the response, as two of the crew approached, leading between them a very small and very ragged boy.

The anger in the captain's face gave place to a look of astonishment, mingled with pity, as his eye rested upon the shivering form of the intruder. But he maintained the sternness of his tone as he addressed the boy.

'Well,' said he, 'what are you doing here?'

'N-nothing, sir,' was the trembling reply.

'Who are you, and where did you come from? Speak up, now! No nonsense!'

'I'm Joby—Job Oliver, sir,' said the boy, between the sobs, which he vainly endeavored to choke down. 'I live in London, by the docks, sir.'

'What are you doing here, then?'

'I—I hid away down below, and—and they found me. I wasn't doing anything. I didn't touch a thing. I thought they wouldn't mind. I'm not very big, you see, and I don't weigh much.' He broke down with a gasp, and pressed his small, grimy fists into his streaming eyes. Then, as the captain remained silent, but continued to gaze at him with a tremendous frown, he made a brave effort to go on with his story.

'I haven't any mother or father, you see, and I have to earn my own living. Everybody says, "He's too small. What's he good for?" and they don't take me; though I am strong. I can lift a trunk—a little one. I can run errands, very fast; but everybody says, "Oh, he's too ragged and too dirty." If I could get jobs, you see, I could get me a new pair of clothes. But I can't get jobs, and I can't get clothes, and everybody don't want me, and—' a fresh storm of sobs shook the small frame.

'But you haven't told me yet what you are doing on board this ship?' said the captain, preserving his severity with an effort.

'They said the ship was going to America,' answered the boy. 'Everybody is rich in America. Everybody wants you there, you see. Tom Dixey went there, and he makes a load of money.'

'That's all very well,' responded the captain; 'but people who go to America pay for their passage, and to hide away so as to go without paying, is just the same as stealing so much money. Don't you know that?'

Evidently the boy had never taken that view of the question. He looked up at the captain's stern face with a frightened and startled expression. Then he began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver sixpence, and from a third a shilling, much battered, clipped and defaced. These he held out toward the captain.

'This is all I've got now. I earned the sixpence and the two pennies; the shilling a gentleman gave me. It's broken but it's good silver, all the same.'

'And what am I to do with these?' asked the captain.

'To pay my fare,' replied the boy. 'It's 'most enough, I think. I will earn the rest soon when I get over there.'

The good captain could maintain his gravity no longer. A smile lighted up his rugged features, as he said kindly: 'There, there Joby, keep your money, my boy. You are an honest little fellow, after all. You shall stay with me on the 'Falcon,' and we will make a man of you. How will that suit you?'

Joby was delighted, of course. The sailors, who are wonderfully handy at such things, devised a suit of clothing for his small body. He speedily became a great favorite with the crew of the 'Falcon, proving himself to be active and intelligent, and, what is far better, absolutely honest and truthful. The captain had grown very fond of Joby, and as for Joby—well, it was not long before everybody on board knew what Joby thought of the captain.

The 'Falcon,' which was a sailing vessel, had met with head winds constantly since leaving the Channel, and on the fourth week out was struck by a heavy gale from the northeast. All day long the good ship labored with the mountainous waves, leaping and plunging till it seemed as though the groaning, creaking masts must come out of her. But she was a staunch, well-built craft, and had passed safely through many a worse tempest.

With the fall of the night, the gale increased in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvas, just sufficient to steady the vessel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Joby, on a coil of rope.

At first the noise and confusion, the thunder of the water, the shriek of the wind through the cordage, and the wild pitching of the ship had frightened the boy. But when, by the light of a lantern near by, he saw the calm, resolute expression on the captain's face, he felt relieved and rather enjoyed the excitement of the storm.

Suddenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through his trumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise out of the gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself, the captain was lifted from his feet and flung overboard into the sea.

Almost at the same instant a small figure was seen to leap upon the rail, cling there a moment, and then leap outward into the darkness and disappear.

'Man overboard!'

The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then, under the mate's command, the ship was rounded to, with her head to the wind, and a boat ordered to be lowered.

'No use,' said one of the men to the mate, who stood by the rail, near where the captain had fallen overboard, 'we could never find them in the daytime, let alone such a night as this.' 'I am afraid not' answered the mate, sadly. 'Poor old man! poor boy! Hark! what was that?'

"Falcon,' ahoy!' The shout came aloud and strong from the darkness, not twenty yards from where the ship lay.

'The captain!' cried a dozen glad voices.

'Belay your jaw there, ye lubbers! Tail on to that line and haul us aboard, or we'll be adrift.'

Line! Us! what could he mean? But the mate had already discovered a curious thing—a light but strong rope, fastened to a ring in the bulwark and extending outward into the darkness, towards the spot whence the captain's voice proceeded. It was drawn tight, as if some heavy burden were towing at the end of it.

In an instant sturdy arms were pulling at it with a will. Then a stout rope was lowered, and up it, like a monkey, scrambled Joby, followed more slowly by Captain Essex.

Then a great cheer went up, drowning the roar of the storm itself, as the crew gathered about the dripping forms of the captain and his little friend. A few words served to explain what had happened.

Joby, with his eye on the captain, had seen him carried overboard. He knew that one end of the coil of light, tough rope upon which he sat was secured to the bulwark, for he had tied the knot himself, that very day. Without pausing to think of his own danger, he took the free end of the rope between his teeth, and was in the water nearly as soon as the captain himself.

Though he could swim like a duck, he was borne helplessly along on the crest of the waves, almost into the arms of Captain Essex, who caught him as he was sweeping by. The captain fastened the line about both of their bodies; and, partly swimming and partly towed by the ship, they had managed to keep their heads above the water until the 'Falcon' was hove-to.

The storm blew itself out during the night, and the next morning dawned clear and calm. All the forenoon Joby was observed to be very grave and silent, as if he were pondering some important question. Finally he presented himself before the captain in his cabin.

'Well, my boy,' said the captain, 'what can I do for you?'

'A man's life is worth a good deal of money, isn't it?' asked Joby, twirling his cap nervously as he spoke. 'Not a boy like me, but a grown man.'

'Yes, of course, my lad,' replied the captain. 'A man's life is supposed to be the most valuable of his possessions.'

'Well, then,' said Joby, twirling his cap still more nervously, 'they say I saved your life last night. I don't say it was much, you see. Any fellow who can swim could do the same; only I happened to do it.'

'Yes, you certainly did it, Joby. And what then?'

'You see—you' see,' stammered Joby, 'I—I thought that would pay for my passage; then it wouldn't be stealing, you know.'

Joby could not make out why the captain's honest eyes should suddenly grow moist, nor why the captain's strong right arm almost squeezed the breath out of his small body; nor yet why the captain's voice should be so husky, as he said:

'Joby, my lad, while old Tom Essex's hulk holds together, and a single timber of him floats, you shall never want for a berth, or be without a friend.'

AMONG QUEEN VICTORIA'S most cherished possessions are three bracelets. In these are mounted thirty-three miniatures of her grandchildren, taken in infancy or early youth.

THE WORTH OF A MAN'S LIFE.

LET YOUR PRINCIPLES BE KNOWN.

BY PHŒBE PARMELEE.

A half-dozen, half-discouraged members of our temperance union were entering upon the third year of work in a cause we could not give up, even if we could see few good results from our labor. The principal reason why we clung to a seemingly lost cause was because we really were a Christian union. I do not say this boastingly, but only to name the force that kept us trying in the face of unpopularity, lack of means, and probably, lack of talent.

Our president, an earnest woman, kept repeating: 'Well, let us hold together; it may be the Lord will have something for us to really accomplish after a while. We may be like soldiers in camp, drilling and waiting. At any rate we can keep up the forces numerically.'

A sad-eyed old lady with white hair and gentle voice once remarked very earnestly and feelingly: 'We can always let our principles be known at home and abroad.' We wondered why her voice choked, but attributed her agitation to the fact that she spoke but seldom and was somewhat timid.

A young lawyer came to our little town; he was our first attorney, and while we hoped there might be no unseemly disturbance of the peace in our community, whereby he might profit, we still hoped he could find enough to do to keep him among us. He was strictly temperate, enterprising and added something by way of dignity to our hitherto unprofessional town. His wife was an accomplished lady, quiet and pleasant, and the mother of two lovely baby boys. They both expressed themselves as in full sympathy with the law and order part of the population, and our union began to ask hopefully; 'Do you suppose the time has come when we can do something with our drug-store?' or, 'Don't you suppose a lawyer on the right side could see some practical points for enforcement of law?' Our president almost gleefully remarked: 'Of course Mrs. Drew will come in and be one of us, and her joining may draw others.'

One of the other members, a woman who expressed her mind on all occasions, in season and out of season, said bluntly: 'I am not so sure that members who come in because some one else does, or because they think it will be popular, are the ones who will be of much use in the cause. We want those who can stand the 'tug of war;' but as I'm committee on membership, I'll go and see Mrs. Drew. It's very likely she has already been in some other union.'

So we hopefully parted to meet in two weeks at the house of the gray-haired, sad-eyed old lady. When the day came, Mrs. Drew entered the meeting with our 'committee.' We went through the half hour of devotional service, and through the business of our programme, and came to the taking in of new members.

'The secretary will present the pledge for signature—if there are any here who are willing to become members of our union,' spoke the president, confidently, almost deeming her latter clause an unnecessarily polite addition to the business in hand.

'The pledge?' questioned the lady, to whom it was handed. 'Oh, yes! I believe I am strictly temperate, but there are times when alcohol is indispensable—medicines, you know. I never have signed a pledge—of course I am willing to do all in my power, but, well, you know I have never joined any society of this kind, it hasn't been possible in fact. I have felt that my first duty was to my husband and family, and, well, to be plain, our business interests demand that we should be neutral, so to speak.'

Mrs. Drew was complacently unconscious of the looks of surprise exchanged. The woman who usually expressed her mind appeared to be gathering her thoughts to make a speech fitting the occasion; the rest of us were speechless, especially over the paradox in her words. 'Couldn't sign the pledge and work for temperance and purity because my first duty is to my family!'

We looked at each other in dismay, and from some unknown cause, all our eyes were directed to our patient, constant, oldest member. Her face was twitching, a purpose was forming in her eyes; we all saw it with a sort of wonder, she had talked so little we did not know how she would express herself.

'Let me tell you something; I feel as if my time to speak and work had come. When I was young like you, with two little boys like yours, my husband moved to town to do carpenter's work. He had learned the trade when a boy, but had not worked at it; but when we came we found there were more carpenters than work. He didn't feel like going back to his father's farm where he had lived, and he was a man who had a good deal of force and wanted to succeed in anything he undertook.'

'There were temperance societies in those days—some of the good church people asked us to join one, but James thought and I thought we mustn't do anything which might take away his work, and our living—you see there were so many workmen ready to pick up any job of work, and there were so many saloons, and so many drinking men who needed work done. It was my nature to let people do as they pleased if they didn't interfere with me. I didn't think it my duty to try and do anything for others' boys, but just to take care of my own and bring them up right.'

We began to see the trend of her story and became interested; Mrs. Drew evidently no longer considered the talk so irrelevant.

'I didn't make a stand, and James didn't make a stand, except the one that we wouldn't join a temperance society. We didn't talk temperance in the family, much, either—and the boys grew up before we knew it, and they didn't know we had very firm temperance principles. I heard them laughing about other boys signing the pledge; and then I was scared and wanted to tell them it was right to take a pledge, but I couldn't; I didn't know how, when I had never done it myself. Oh, how I wished I had, then! How often I have wished so since. I would sign ten thousand pledges if I had them back where your little boys are now.'

She clasped her hands over her aching heart and sighed with remorse and anguish that wrung our own hearts. Then she unclasped them and threw them out with a gesture of despair.

'But they are gone! Gone from me! They are not dead—I see them sometimes; but I feel, I know, that the influence I might have had over them is wasted, gone, lost! Mrs. Drew, sisters, don't be afraid to cast all your influence on the right side in everything. Even if you think your own are so safe you needn't worry about them; just the same put yourself on the right side and stay there—for the sake of other mothers' children. I tell you, you and yours will gain a blessing. One of my boys reproached me, not long ago, for not having taught them what evil was, for not having held them with all my might! I can't tell you, mothers, how I felt then; it will always hurt here; I shall never lose the pain in this world.'

She ceased speaking, her eyes cast down and her hands again clasped over her heart. How we remembered the familiar attitude.

None of us stirred or spoke until we heard the rustle of a paper. Mrs. Drew still held the pledge in her hands and was placing it over the hard back of a book. She found a pencil in her bag, but she could not see to write her name until her eyes had been cleared from a mist of tears; then she wrote it down with a hand which trembled, but not from any uncertainty of purpose.

There was an exultation—no, an exaltation of feeling very different from that which possessed us when Mrs. Drew had come into the room an hour before, and our president expressed it when she began quiveringly to sing: 'There's a wideness in God's mercy.' The rest of us were too choked to join her, but when the last soft, sweet tones had ceased our member who always has something to say, started, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;' and silently and seriously every one of us went home, realizing that she had something more to do than just to help keep the union together.—*Union Signal.*

For whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.
—LOWELL.

POTBOUND MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS GREENFIELD, OF LUDHIANA.

May I draw your attention to a natural law in the spiritual world,—a law that governs every living organism in God's kingdom: viz., the thing that lives must grow. If growth be checked or stopped, death in part or whole must follow.

Those of you who love flowers, and cultivate them either in window, garden, or greenhouse, know the delight of seeing some favorite plant develop,—the fresh, young, vigorous shoots clothed in spring freshness, the swelling buds, the exquisite blossom, filling the house with fragrance and your heart with a pure joy. But a time comes when your pet plant begins to droop, the leaves look lifeless, the half-opened buds cannot expand. In vain you water it and change its position. What is wrong? Alas! the root nourishment has failed. The plant has not room for its energies; it is potbound. You hasten to provide a larger pot and fresh mold, realizing that the very life of your lovely plant depends on free scope and fresh supplies. In other words, the law of life, which is growth, demands both sustenance and space. Should you not realize the need, the 'thing of beauty,' which should have been a continuing joy, will, if it does not actually die, remain stunted and dwarfed,—a miserable parody on what it might have been.

Now, will you follow me while I speak of 'potbound missionaries'?

A girl in the fresh vigor of her young life offers herself to your Society, or some other kindred one, to go out as a missionary. You accept the offer, and with it the responsibility of standing between her and the Church as the medium pledged to supply her needs in the foreign field. You have planted a vigorous shoot. She enters on her life work, learns the language, loves the people. Houses and homes open to receive her, pupils multiply. After two years of hard work she finds her hands more than full. She asks for help, for a grant for a teacher; it may be, even, for another lady to share the work. But, alas! there are no funds, and no help forthcoming. The life she is laying down—aye, and is most willing to lay down for the Master—must be confined in narrow limits. She may not multiply her influence and usefulness fourfold by putting into the field trained native teachers. No; she is left to stagnate,—potbound.

Or, again, you send out a lady medical missionary, one whose sacred duty it is to help the sick and suffering, and so commend to them the love of Christ. It is not long before she finds the edges of her pot, especially if you have not first carefully considered her possible needs. Medicines, instruments, a dispensary, and, before long, a hospital, with assistants, matron, and nurses,—all these will be urgently required to enable her to develop a work worthy the name of a medical mission. Deny her these, and you will look in vain for the flower and fruit you thought to gather from this eminently Christlike branch of your work. Her work, too, will fall into the ranks of potbound missions.

Or, perhaps, you send out a lady to work among the villages,—to itinerate, visit in village homes, and preach the gospel; to start village schools, too, and gather the children in. She finds a wide field, and very soon a warm welcome. Home come letters telling of eager children ready to learn, and women anxious to hear, and she asks for—shall it be said? oh, reckless extravagance!—a horse and carriage to convey her from village to village, and funds to pay some school-teachers. Then she asks, too, for a Bible woman to go with her, to take up the gospel story when her voice fails; and one's voice does not unfrequently fail when preaching for an hour or two to a spellbound audience, seated not only on the ground in front of you, but on the roofs all round, who inadvertently send down a shower of dust and straws on your devoted head.

What, think you, will be her dismay when the letter goes back deploring that want of funds make it impossible to comply with such exorbitant demands, and that she must confine herself to such work as her own unaided strength may accomplish?

O friends! that you could realize the longing that comes over us in the presence of those eager crowds, hanging on every word as we tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love; how we feel constrained, impelled, energized, to go forward! But we need your leave to grow.

Now, I am speaking advisedly when I say that the rate of progress in missionary work depends largely, under God's blessing, on the prayerful and practical sympathy of the Christian church at home. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' You must farm liberally if you wish a liberal return.

I wish I could feel sure that you are all in dead earnest about the work of preaching the gospel to every creature. How many of the present generation will you preach the gospel to? Are you all satisfied that you can claim exemption in God's sight from the great commission, 'Go ye'? And if you can, does not your very exemption lay a double responsibility on you to strengthen those in the field? Are you only playing at missions by giving two hours a month to a working party, or the price of a new bonnet to the subscription list? Has the hopeless despair of the heathen world ever caused you a groan or a heartache, or one act of real self-denial? Dear friends, the work of your missionaries is not merely interesting; it is heart-stirring.

I think if, for every missionary who is giving his or her life in the mission field, we have one missionary heart that was pouring itself out in full devotion to the same cause at home, we should not have to complain of potbound missions. And if every missionary collector, every member of our working parties, every subscriber, had a missionary heart,—a heart throbbing in sympathy with the heart throbs of Jesus,—we should see the windows of heaven opened and such a blessing poured out that there should not be room to contain it.—*From 'Female Missionary Intelligencer,' England.*

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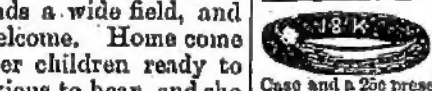

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